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Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

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\$2.00 A YEAR.

LULU AND LITTLE DEE.

"Lulu played two summers,
Little Dee, one."
Such the tender legend
That was woven upon a tree
Of a graveyard, gray and low,
Near the old house of my childhood,
In the fading days of June—
"Lulu played two summers,
Little Dee, one."
I was but a boyish straggler
Of the flock when I first read
The quaint and lovely record
Of that sister to the dead;
I have passed the time of my life
Searching upward to the sun,
To miss upon the meaning
Of the legend that first came
"Lulu played two summers,
Little Dee, one."
I did not understand it then,
But now 'tis all so clear
That I know my foolish fancy needs
No more interpreter.
O, how I wish I had
That ever breathed his spirit
A strain of sweeter pathos
Than that poor boy's—
"Lulu played two summers,
Little Dee, one."
—J. M. S. M. M. M., in Chicago News.

TRAPPING ELEPHANTS.

An African Sport Not Without an Element of Danger.

But the Profit More Than Counterbalance the Peril—How a Blood-Thirsty Enemy Was Conquered into a Devoted Servant.

Four days' march inland from Quilou, which is on the east coast of Africa and two hundred and fifty miles above Madagascar, we came into the elephant country and made a permanent camp. My orders, from the Hamburg house were to secure at least five elephants alive and deliver them on board ship at Quilou. Our party consisted of three white men and forty-two natives, and we had seven horses and six teams of bullocks. Among the natives were several followers who had hunted the big game with white men, and who were pretty thoroughly posted as to the creature's habits. It would have been almost as easy to shoot an elephant as a buffalo, but to capture one alive and get him down to the coast was a different matter.

We had our camp in a thick forest about two miles from a forest through which we knew elephants roamed, and orders were given against firing guns or making any noise that might start them. An elephant will take the alarm as quick as a deer, and when once frightened he may never be tamed for hours. After a couple of days four or five of us made a scout to the forest, and we were delighted to find evidence that it was a favorite resort. This forest was a strip about three miles long and two miles wide, straggling itself down into a great plain like a tongue. About opposite our camp it narrowed to a width of half a mile, and further down short off, though there were groves scattered all over the plain.

We were rejoiced to find that this strip of forest was a veritable highway for the elephants passing back and forth, while the forest beyond was their chosen food. We spent two whole days getting the lay of the forest for several miles, and we finally selected a particular spot to work on. It was in the narrowest portion of the strip, and here we dug two pits and concealed them so well that they were almost invisible. When all was ready we retired from the forest and posted a native in the nearest grove to act as sentinel for the remainder of the day. This grove was about an acre in extent, with the trees standing very thick, and we were all on foot, after instructing the native, when we heard a trumpet blast and a mighty rush. The blast of a mad elephant in his native wilds is a sound never to be forgotten. Each one of us instantly realized that we had come upon an old "rogue," and the elephant was in deadly peril. The elephant who has become a crank and deserted his troop or been driven away is more dangerous than any other living thing. His sole thought is to destroy, and he loses all sense of fear. Had we been mounted we could have scattered and outrun him, but we were all on foot, and our only safety was in sticking to the grove. When we heard him coming we dodged right and left and hurried deep into the grove. The old fellow had the eyes of a lynx, and wheeling from his first charge, he seemed determined to reach the wall down. Each one of us dodged on our own account, thus distracting his attention, but he finally pursued one of the natives so closely that the man had to take to a tree. He didn't have his choice, either, and was unfortunately driven to shelter in a tree about as large around as the trunk of the tree. He was barely out of reach when the mad brute arrived at the trunk. I was in a much larger tree about forty feet away, and could plainly see the movements of the beast. He was an old bull, carrying a large pair of tusks, and he was mad all over. He tried hard to push the tree over, and though he could not succeed, he shook the native around so as to give him a bad fright.

In order to call the brute off I fired at him several times with a revolver. Each bullet hit him, but of course did no damage. He roared, and seemed to leave the tree, and after a while he seemed to be in a rage. He put his shoulder against it, surged forward, and, after a while, he came back and forth half a dozen times, the tree broke short off about ten feet from the ground. The native was expecting it, and as the top crashed down he sprang out and caught at a limb and pulled himself into a large tree. The elephant soon became aware of his escape, and likewise recognized the fact that all of us were out of his reach, and, after trumpeting his disappointment, he slowly retired, leaving us opportunity to come down. We left the grove as quickly as possible, and made haste back to camp. We must move at once. The "rogue" elephant does not travel about much, and his being in the grove was a menace to us. Should he discover our camp he would attack us on foot. We at once hitched up our teams, struck our tents, and removed to a grove four miles away. While

not entirely safe here, we might escape observation. On two sides of us the approach was nearly broken, while on the others it was rather broken. Next day after our removal it rained, and none of us left the grove. On the morning of the second day, just as we were rolling out of our blankets, a cry from half a dozen natives alarmed the camp. As I rose up and saw them looking in the west, I turned my eyes in that direction, and beheld a sight which made my hair stand on end. That "rogue" elephant was on the plain about half a mile away and making a bee line for our camp. He was swinging his trunk in an angry way, and his head was something terrible. Three or four of us sprang to our rifles, but he could have fired a shot had not an accident happened. He charged at us over the marshy ground, and two hundred feet from the wagons he broke his head, grew so mad that he struck his knees, bounded about a few feet and then rolled over on his left side. He was out of breath with his run and his fall, and then was the time to take him. As he lay there, roaring his dismay and anger, we got out the ropes and chains, and he gave up his legs. We got noosed over both hind legs and carried the free ends to the nearest tree, and then we had the old fellow for sure. He was so mad that he actually shed tears, and he trumpeted as if he tried his mildest side. After a while he had his feet every one cut a stump, and for two hours we beat every part of the beast, we could reach. Moreover, we walked on him, kicked him, called him every name, and degraded him in every possible way. This was by the advice of the natives, who said it would soon break his spirit and cause him to give up. All day long the monster lay on his side in the mud, boiling over with rage, but helpless. He put in the night there, too, and next morning his spirit was broken. We cast the noose free from one leg, got a pry under his hip, and after an hour's hard work put him on his feet and got him to solid land. The fight had all been taken out of him, and he would cover whenever any one shook a stick at him. When the natives watched him up a dozen great scars were revealed on his shoulders and flanks as proof that he was a fighter, and my two horses who had lived in the elephant country all his days, counted the beast's age at one hundred and ten years.

No animal becomes docile and tractable as quick as the elephant. He must first be conquered by fear, and then once he gives in you have only an occasional tantrum to look out for. We kept right at our captive, dogging and bulldozing and giving him to understand that we were boss, and at the end of three days he was as humble as a pig. We could make no use of him as a hunter, as we had no rig, and as none of the men had had experience in driving an elephant, but we should have no trouble in getting him to the coast, and he was worth several thousand dollars.

It was ten days after his capture that one of our scouts brought word that a troop of elephants had appeared in the forest. We had suspected this by the uneasy movements of our captive. It did not seem possible that he could scent his kind four or five miles away, but his actions went to prove that such was the case. We had him securely fastened by one hind leg, but he did not try to break away. On the contrary, he acted vexed and out of sorts, and now and then uttered a blast of defiance. It was easy to see that he would have a hostile greeting for any elephant that came our way.

The troop of elephants reported by the scout numbered thirteen, and were five or six miles above us. Mr. Williams, my assistant, took a portion of the men and made a detour so as to arrive in behind the troop and drive them down and five or six of us stationed ourselves at the southern limit of the forest. It was hoped that in driving the beasts back and forth along the narrow neck at least one of them might get a tumble into a pit, and it was with great anxiety that we waited for the coming of the afternoon when we caught sight of them. After they had crossed the neck we closed up and sought to drive them back, but they had become frightened, and the job was too great for us. They broke off to the right and left the corner of the woods for the open plain, and we fell upon them as they came. They held a straight course for our camp. The three of us who were mounted pursued at a gallop, and we were witnesses of a curious incident. One of the elephants, the one in which we had encamped, and which we had half a mile away, when our captive "rogue" uttered three or four shrill blasts and suddenly appeared in sight, having broken the rope which held him to a tree. He made straight for the troop, challenging as he came, and the beasts no sooner saw him than they exhibited fear and confusion. They halted, turned to the right and the left, and were all mixed up when the old chap came down upon them like a landslide. The first one he struck was a half-grown elephant, and he knocked him flat on the ground and rolled him over. Then he called in to clean out the shanty, and the blows from his trunk could be heard a mile away.

Such a cloud of dust was kicked up that we soon lost sight of particulars, but in a few minutes the troop boiled off at right angles and soon entered a grove, and we drew away to find the old "rogue" standing over the one he had rolled over. He seemed to be waiting for us to come up, and after a little the native who had most to do with him returned close up. I rode off and got a rope, and this was made fast to the captive's leg, and he was encouraged to get on his feet. Then the old chap stood him straight for camp while we followed, holding to the ropes. Once or twice the old fellow showed a disposition to bolt, but the blow gave him a re-echoing shock with his trunk and curled his snout. We made him fast to a tree, and the "rogue" then took his old

CROWDED DAILY.

The Great "Cold Wave" Sale has packed our store each day with eager buyers all testifying their delight with cheerful and contented smiles. People who came to buy, bought heavily, and those that came to see, were convinced at once that they would not soon again have another opportunity like this and plunged in with the balance.

EVERYTHING AS ADVERTISED.

We state this in language unmistakable. The following go on sale to-morrow (Saturday) in addition to the great Bargains offered in former advertisement.

Genuine Ives Pins cheap at 5 cents a paper. Cold wave price 1 cent.
Men's full fashioned Socks worth 10 cents. Cold wave price 4 cents.
12 yards real linen lace, actual value 35 cents. Cold wave price 5 cents for 12 yards.
Real Irish Flannel, 12 yards in piece, worth 50 cents. Cold wave price 15 cents.
Opaque window shades with Harts-horn patent rollers, worth \$1.00. Cold wave price 15 cents.
Turkish wash rags, regular price 50 cents dozen. Cold wave price 15c.
Sleeve and Henrietta cloth, all colors worth 25 cents. Cold wave price 15c.
Very fine reversible Gossamers, regular price \$2.50. Cold wave price \$1.35.
Lovely striped Eiderdown worth 75 cents. Cold wave price 49 cents.
Men's knit undershirts worth 35 cents. Cold wave price 15 cents.

Heavy, well-made Brown Drill Drawers cheap at 35 cents. Cold wave price 20 cents.
Fine Flannellette Overalls worth 90 cents. Cold wave price 33 cents.
Ladies' fine Jersey Jackets down from \$1.25. Cold wave price 75 cents.
Children's fine white Macs, Vests, Cold wave price 12 cents. Rise 3 cents on each size.
Children's Medicated Scarlet Underwear. Cold wave price 33 cents. Rise 5 cents on each size.
Men's extra heavy wool Underwear cheap at \$1.00. Cold wave price 62 cents.
Men's fancy Pique Shirts, two collars and pair cuffs, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Cold wave price 50 cents.
Ladies' fine embroidered Henrietta Suits worth \$15.00. Cold wave price \$8.50.

Heavy, well-made Brown Drill Drawers cheap at 35 cents. Cold wave price 20 cents.
Fine Flannellette Overalls worth 90 cents. Cold wave price 33 cents.
Ladies' fine Jersey Jackets down from \$1.25. Cold wave price 75 cents.
Children's fine white Macs, Vests, Cold wave price 12 cents. Rise 3 cents on each size.
Children's Medicated Scarlet Underwear. Cold wave price 33 cents. Rise 5 cents on each size.
Men's extra heavy wool Underwear cheap at \$1.00. Cold wave price 62 cents.
Men's fancy Pique Shirts, two collars and pair cuffs, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Cold wave price 50 cents.
Ladies' fine embroidered Henrietta Suits worth \$15.00. Cold wave price \$8.50.

Hundreds of other Bargains go on sale daily. Only eight days more. Don't miss it.

BASSETT & CO.,

"Wreckers of High Prices."

place without a hint being given him and was refastened. It was next morning before we could examine our pits, and then we found another captive. A big bull elephant was lying on his side in one of them, while the other had been avoided. We got him out of the pit by digging around him, and then using a block and tackle to lift him to the solid land. He had been three days without food or drink when we got him out, and his spirit was pretty well broken. Our three captives were got down to the coast without the least trouble, and our luck in making three such captures in the short space of ten days has never been equalled by any manager in any land. The old "rogue" who set out to annihilate us brought all our good luck.—N. Y. Sun.

THE BLUE-GLASS CRAZE.

Brown-Squard's Electric Revue of the 1870s General Plessington published a work fully explaining his theory as to the infallibility of blue glass for investigating and retaining or restoring health. In a subsequent edition he added a list of testimonials from grateful patients who professed to have derived immense benefits from the treatment, and also the full text of the specification for his patents. His book was entitled "Blue Ray of the Sunlight and of the Blue Color of the Sky in Developing Animal and Vegetable Life in Arresting Disease, and in Restoring Health in Acute and Chronic Diseases in Human and Domestic Animals." The General adorned the frontispiece with a rather unfortunate quotation: "If this theory be true it upsets all other theories." The converse seems to have been very faithfully followed, for the General's experience is also given, apparently as somewhat of a guarantee of good faith. The author's first experiments were on grape vines. In his greenhouse he substituted blue for white glass in every eighth row, and succeeded in producing grapes so fine that all others were rendered insignificant beside them. In 1869 he treated some little pigs to a similar dose, and some little pigs grew and thrived so well that a royal road to a fortune in hog-raising seemed to have been found. Next he tried the effect of blue glass on the fruit of a bull calf, which grew six inches almost as by a miracle and became a veritable Saul among the little calves on the estate. From hogs and cattle the experiment was transferred to sheep, and a chicken-house was fitted with just the right proportion of blue glass. The result was as phenomenal. The young chicks were ready for the boiler almost as soon as they emerged from the shell, and those that escaped the usual and proper spring-chicken route to oblivion grew into splendidly developed and plump birds.

It needed not implicit belief in Darwinism to induce the General to apply his experiments to men and women. Architects would be required to so arrange buildings as to insure the introduction of the electric rays so that the owners and occupants might enjoy the marvelous advantages, and mankind will then not only be able to live fast, but live long and also live well.

Judged by the fact that the blue-glass craze, general as it was during the years 1876 and part of 1877, died out quietly and has long since been decently interred, some of the testimonials as to its efficacy form very funny reading. They show that if all the writers meant what they wrote General Plessington invented an elixir to cure not only every ailment but to supersede surgery and obstetrics. In fact it must have been omnipotent. A man with varicose veins was able to throw away his stockings after sleeping in a room a few nights with blue glass in the windows. Typhoid patients, after a day or two, were like glass, refreshed and dismissed their physicians. A bald-headed lady was delighted to discover an embryo crop of hair after seven days' treatment, while another grateful recipient was cured of the marvelous effects of blue glass on his ancient mule. This once gay and festive quadruped had been deaf for ten years, its limbs were stiff, and it was in a very bad way; but after blue glass was inserted in the stable window Jack braced up, could hear the word "rats" if only whispered, could kick its owner across the yard, and generally acted like a vivacious three-year-old.

Excitement ran high and the craze traveled north, south, east and west. The wildest stories of cures were circulated. Men heard of objects of public sympathy getting cured almost without money and without price and were there so passive a treatment recommended, nor one less hampered with directions as to what should and

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NOT ONE RESERVED. The choicest light weight Spring Overcoats go just the same as our heavy winter storm overcoats. This mild winter has left us with the choicest stock you have ever seen at this season of the year and we are anxious to cut loose from them even at a big loss.

This will make out:
Child's satinette overcoats, worth \$1.00 go for75
Child's half wool overcoats, worth \$2.00 go for \$1.50
Child's fine cape all wool overcoats, worth \$5.00 go for \$3.75
Youth's good heavy overcoats, worth \$3.00 go for \$2.25
Youth's good heavy overcoats, worth \$4.00 go for \$3.00
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$10.00 go for \$7.50
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$15.00 go for \$12
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$20.00 go for \$15
Big cuts on Winter Suits, Underwear, Gloves and all winter goods, See our show window for bargains in Hats. Choice of any stiff hat for \$1.89, former prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. Choice of any soft fur hat 99c., former price \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
Odds and Ends in boots and shoes in "Bargain Pen" at 1-4 regular prices. Regular stock is kept complete and full of the best and most favorably known makes of Boots and Shoes in the U. S. and sold at lower prices than ever before. Shoe Shop up stairs. Repairing done on shortest notice.

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BUSH'S OLD STAND. GLASS CORNER.

STARTLING BARGAINS!

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to make your purchases of Overcoats, a full Suit or Furnishing Goods, and prove the truth of this assertion. We mean exactly what we say—for it is contrary to our ideas of business to deceive the public—

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but such is not the case. We are doing a legitimate business and want to "live and let live." We start out with the New Year to sell goods cheaper than ever before, and ask the public to call on us and see if we are not almost

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THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

HOT SPRING, ARK.

The largest and most beautiful hotel in America, with the best bath houses in the world connected, will open under management of O. G. HANCOCK, of White Mountain Hotel, for season of 1890, January 1st. Tickets should be bought from St. Louis and Iron Mountain & Southern R. R.